

A Man Built of Sentiment

(Original.)
"Oh, Joe," said Jeannette to her fiancé, "what do you think I received by express today?"

"What?"
"A glass bottle picked up on the coast near Atlantic City containing a message."

"Big storm? Shipwreck? Vessel sinking? We are all lost?"
"More than that, I've had a lover I didn't know of, Read it." And she handed him a bit of paper on which were scrawled her full name and address and—

In a few minutes this vessel will carry us all to a watery grave. I wish you to know that there has been one who has, unknown to you, loved you devotedly. But he will die as he has lived without revealing himself to you. Farewell.

"Well," said Joe after reading the message, "do you suppose it's genuine?"

"Something tells me it is."

"What?"
"I feel—I somehow it seems to me that had this man wooed me we would have—"

"Would have?"
"What a noble, good man he must have been to love me at a distance!"

"Noble, good man, eh? To love you at a distance! Will you kindly explain?"

"Why, there must have been some reason why he couldn't declare himself. His great heart bore the load without permitting me to share it."

"Then why didn't he keep on bearing it without mixing you up in this way?"

"He knew a woman's nature. I wish you knew it as well. A woman receives her greatest compliment in the love of a good man."

"You mean a noble, good man. Don't leave out the noble."

"This man must have been a noble, good self sacrificing man."

"Where does the self sacrifice come in?"

"Why, if he had told me of his love I would have loved him. We couldn't marry and—"

"How do you know you couldn't?"

"Why, what other reason would there be for his not?"

"Lots of 'em. The chances are he was beneath you, probably some cab driver who once drove you somewhere or—"

"Joseph!"
"More likely a common sailor, with his arms and breast tattooed with anchors."

"You are simply showing your envy of one who was doubtless your superior."

"At any rate, I'd have more sense than to keep my love a secret till a few minutes before I was to be launched for kingdom come."

"You haven't that nobility of soul to understand this man's nature. He would not speak till what he said would not make me suffer—till it would be only sweet for a woman to hear."

"Nobility of soul, eh? I haven't nobility of soul. And this man—how do you know he had a soul at all? How do you know he isn't a myth? Somebody may have been playing a joke on you."

"One who would play such a joke would have as little soul as the myth he created."

Joseph looked sorely troubled.

"It seems to me," he said presently, "that a rival has sprung up—a bloodless, spiritual, heavenly, noble, good, unselfish—"

"Heroic. Any more?"

"Why do you sneer at him?"

"I'm not sneering at him. He's simply a manufactured man, one who has been built up out of pure sentiment, with sentimental arms, legs, head, hands."

"Who created him? Not I! I never heard of him till I received his only and last message."

"At any rate, he has replaced me. I'm going to say farewell. I'm going to give way to your ideal here."

"You should strive to be like him."

"Like him! Do you suppose I'd wish to be like a man of tissue paper, with nothing inside of him but gas? He isn't even gas. He's a vacuum."

"There's no substance in the angels," "There are different kinds of angels," "I do believe you hate him."

"I hate him! I'm perfectly indifferent to him, confound him!"

The girl burst into a merry laugh. She laughed for five minutes, holding her sides, then tried to say something, but she was interrupted by another involuntary peep of laughter. Finally she controlled herself sufficiently to say:

"Joe, this is—"

"It's certainly no laughing matter."

"Yes, it is, stupid!"
"Stupid! It's just that a stupid man should give way to a little bit of god."

"Joe, the next time you send me a message from the dead do have sense enough to write it on paper that I won't recognize as your own."

The expression of mingled fierceness and misery on Joe's face gradually faded away and gave place to one of shamefacedness and relief.

"Did you recognize the paper?" he asked.

"How could I help it since I've a ton of it upstairs?"

"And the writing?"

"Scarcely at all disguised. I knew it to a minute. How came you to do such a thing?"

"Well, Charlie Baker said that a girl would fall in love with a man made out of sentiment quicker than with one of flesh and blood. I thought I'd try it on you. I won't try it again. You pretty nearly scared me to death."

IRENE C. ADAMS.

WAS RESCUED AFTER JUMP

John Grant Tried to Drown Himself in New York

OFF BROOKLYN BRIDGE

Attempt to End His Life Was Made During the Busiest Period of the Day, With Many Looking On.

New York, Feb. 14.—Desperate because two other attempts to commit suicide had failed, John Grant, a pressman, yesterday walked out on Brooklyn bridge, pushed aside three young women who were in the way and dived into the river, cold as ice and filled with blocks of it. But this attempt, too, was a failure. Hauled out by the crew of a tug before he could drown, Grant was taken to St. Gregory's hospital, where the surgeons said he would recover. On his right wrist was a gash that had not yet healed; in his pocket was a bottle of carbolic acid, reminders of the first two attempts to kill himself.

"Yes," said he, in answer to a question, "this is the first time that I have tried it."

In the man's pocket, besides the bottle of carbolic acid, was found a card which showed that he is a member of the Franklin association, an organization of pressmen. He lives at 108 Seventh street, Brooklyn.

Grant was prominent among pressmen, for he was the secretary of the association. Members of the organization said at the headquarters, 35 City Hall place, that it was his fine physical condition that saved him from death. He has something of a record as an athlete. He was a prize fighter of some ability several years ago, and fought a twenty-round draw with Oscar Gardner, the fierce little fighter from Omaha. Later he was the sparring partner of George Dixon, the negro fighter, who did a few weeks ago. He was acquainted with William Muldoon and trainer of John L. Sullivan, and he had been friendly with Jeffries. During the past few years, as he had grown too old for fighting, for he is thirty-four, he had turned to wrestling, and had been fairly successful at that form of athletics.

The Rescue.

Members of the crew of the tug Cator, moored to the Hyde line pier south of the bridge, saw the man as he shot down from beneath the promenade. They watched for him to come up, and when they saw him they tipped the hawsers and swung around to reach him as he floated by on the ebb tide.

With their lifehooks, they reached far out and catching his clothing pulled him on deck. Then it was apparent that Grant had made no effort to swim. He was unconscious. They sped back to the pier, which by this time was covered with a crowd from the docks and piers along South street.

When the victim was lifted from the tug to the pier, he had partly regained consciousness. A policeman who had arrived on the scene turned in a call for ambulance from St. Gregory's hospital, and when it came Grant was bundled off there. He was stretched out on the operating table by the physicians, who wanted to learn if any bones had been broken, or if in the impact with the water the man had sustained dangerous injuries.

To their surprise, they found that he had not been hurt at all. His face was marked where the ice had cut it, but there were no bones broken.

While on the operating table he lost consciousness several times, and Dr. Bennett feared the man would die from the shock. He resorted to vigorous methods, using oxygen to revive him, and when he finally came around to such a condition that the doctor was satisfied he would live, he was asked: "Would you do it again if you had the chance?"

"I guess that I would," was the answer. In the meantime, the cut on the wrist had been noticed, and the bottle of carbolic acid had been found in his pocket with the card of the Franklin association. When he admitted that this was the third attempt he had made to kill himself, Policeman Schep of the Oak street station led an order at the hospital that the man should be held as a prisoner.

FAIR PATRICIA HAS

JILTED ANOTHER.

Reported That Prince Victor Emmanuel Cousin of The King of Italy, Has Been Turned Down By Her.

London, Feb. 14.—It is declared in London today that the much-betrothed, but never engaged, Princess Patricia of Connaught has jilted Prince Victor Emmanuel, Count of Turin, cousin of the King of Italy.

No one believed the report from Italy that the pretty and flirtatious niece of the King had settled those heart affairs of hers, which in the short space of three years have assumed the dignity of a catalogue.

In June, 1905, it was reported that Patricia was engaged to Alfonso of Spain, but it was also reported that when she saw the young monarch she considered and declined the alliance, even though it meant the destruction of a throne.

Another romance shattered. In February, 1906, it was understood that she had fallen in love with the Marquis of Anglesola and that there was a charming romance throughout. He that as it may, the Marquis has not seemed the princess, and is going to America, where he may perhaps win an heiress.

But a few more months and one heard, in October, 1906, that the Grand Duke Michael, only brother of Czar Nicholas, was the favored man. But this was upset by the rumor in May, 1907, that poor Luis, the late crown prince of Portugal, was going to England to woo the fair Patricia.

It is a foolish attempt to stop tipping as to oppose the ocean tide. The word may be changed, but the thing will not disappear. It is so human to be generous.—Paris Journal.

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MAGAZINE REVIEW.

A Lesson in Driving.

Writing in Suburban Life for February, Mr. N. Neumann-Davis says: "No one with the instinct of self-preservation should attempt to drive a horse without first assuring himself that the animal is under proper control, and no horse can be considered as fulfilling that condition unless he can be easily and comfortably led with one hand. A good test of this may be made before mounting the box by taking hold with one hand of both reins, which should be the mouth and neck, but not near enough to the bit to pinch his jaw, and trying to make him back; if this cannot be done without much effort, the horse is not fit for a novice to drive; either his mouth is too hard, or, more probably, he is improperly fitted."

THE OPERAS OF OUR GRANDMOTHERS.

America Still Content with Old-fashioned, Passionless Productions.

Because the city of New York possesses two great opera houses, and because there are throughout the country a number of pretentious musical organizations whose concerts are largely attended, we are prone to believe that our musical taste is "up-to-date." As a matter of fact, in my humble opinion, this is very far from the truth. Of the great modern school of music the American public knows as yet scarcely anything, and it is today quite content and happy with the operas of its grandmothers.

America is still satisfied with "Tone," as opposed to interpretation. This is shown by the great popularity of Melba and Sembrich, perhaps the last, and certainly the greatest, exponents of the coloratura school, which charmed the world until near the close of the nineteenth century. To-day we see the beginning of the great modern school, the music of which deals with and carries to the hearts of its audiences great human truths. This modern music aims not wholly at the senses, but also at the mind. It does not aim merely at providing a vehicle for the production of glorious tones. It goes deeper than tone. It strives for a musical interpretation of the impulses and motives of the human mind and heart and soul. It represents not persons, but passions.

In France it no longer suffices for a fine large woman to walk more or less stiffly through the scenes of a long opera, until, at a signal from the conductor, she suddenly steps forward, squares herself toward the audience, and emits the few glorious tones of an aria. The top note may thrill and astonish an audience, may even gain the approval of the critics, but this is not art. It is more vocal acrobatics. No thought is conveyed. No pure tone, nor even a whole flock of pure tones, can of themselves make an opera. Were it not for the actor's art, modern opera could not endure.—Mary Garden, in the February Everybody's.

The Greatest Secret of the Times.

Two American inventors, the Wright Brothers, are negotiating with the government for the sale of an aerial warship. In an article, "The Men Who Learned to Fly," in the February McClure's, George Kibbe Turner tells the history of the experiments which have resulted in this remarkable flying machine. The inventors say for themselves:

"We feel that it is absolutely essential for us to keep our method of control a secret. We could patent many points in the machine, and it is possible that we could make a success of the invention commercially. We have been approached by many promoters on the matter. But we believe that our best market is to sell the machine to some government for use in war. To do this it is necessary for us to keep its construction an absolute secret. We do not believe that this secret can be kept indefinitely by a government, but we believe that the government which has the secret can hold the lead in the use of the invention for years. It will be constantly kept ahead of other nations by developing the special knowledge in its possession."

"So far as we can learn, we are alone now in giving a government a five-year lead in the development of the flying machine. The recent trials of Santos Dumont, aeroplane in France, confirm us in this belief. Take one point only. He is trying to sustain a 500-pound machine in the air for short flights with a 30-horse power engine—that is, sus-

taining ten pounds to the horse-power. We are flying and carrying at a rate of 30 miles an hour, 225 pounds with 16 horse-power—that is practically sixty pounds to the horse-power. The comparison speaks for itself concerning the relative efficiency of the two machines."

Eve's Honesty Rewarded.

It seems inevitable that new movements should spring up from thick growths of human vagaries. Certainly the Christian Science movement has not lacked these counterparts. In the February number, Miss Milmine deals with the growth of healing and the apotheosis of Mrs. Eddy.

"It is because Eve was the first to admit her fault in the garden of Eden," Mrs. Eddy says, that a woman was permitted to give birth to Jesus Christ, and that a woman was permitted to write 'Science and Health' and to reveal the spiritual origin of man. It is because woman is more spiritual than man that a woman perceived the nothingness of matter, though Jesus did not. In answer to an inquiry concerning the edition of the Bible upon which 'Science and Health' is based, the editor of the Journal replied: "Would it not be too material a view to speak of 'Science and Health' being based upon any edition of the Bible?"

The Chosen One, always with God in the Mount, speaks face to face. In other words, 'Science and Health' is a first-hand revelation. "While the growth of Christian Science must be attributed primarily to its stimulating influence upon the sick and disoriented, the low vitality of the orthodox churches undoubtedly brought the promise of material benefits to a practical people, and the appeal of seeming newness to a people whose mental recreation was a feverish pursuit of novelty. This religion had a message of cheer for the rugged materialist as well as for the morbid invalid. It exalted health and the mindfulness of his unworldly and self-satisfaction. It contributed to the general sense of self-satisfaction and well-being which already characterized a new and thrifty society."

The Color Line at Harvard.

Ray Stannard Baker's first article on the negro in the North, published in the February American Magazine, is full of interesting facts and stories. Here is the condition of the negro at Harvard, as he reports it:

Even at Harvard where the negro has always enjoyed exceptional opportunities, conditions are undergoing a marked change. A few years ago a large class of white students voluntarily chose a brilliant negro student, R. C. Bruce, as valedictorian. But last year, a negro base ball player was the cause of so much discussion and embarrassment to the athletic association that there will probably never be another colored boy on the university teams. The line has already been drawn, indeed, in the medical department. Although a colored doctor only a few years ago was house physician at the Boston City hospital, colored students are no longer admitted to that institution. One of them, Dr. Walker (an Iowa colored man), cannot secure his degree because he hasn't had six obstetrical cases, and he can't get the six cases because he isn't admitted with his white classmates to the Lying-in hospital. It is a curious fact that not only the white patients, but some negro patients object to the colored doctors. In a recent address which has awakened much sharp comment among Boston negroes, President Eliot of Harvard indicated his sympathy with the general policy of separate education in the South by remarking that if negro students were in the majority at Harvard, or formed a large proportion of the total number, some separation of the races might follow.

"And this feeling is growing, notwithstanding the fact that no negro student has ever disgraced Harvard and that no students are more orderly or law-abiding than the negroes. On the other hand, negro students have frequently made distinguished records for scholarship; last year one of them, Allan Leroy Locke, who took the course in three years, won the first of the three Brevint prizes (the most important bestowed at Harvard) for a literary essay, and passed for his degree with a magna cum laude. Since then, he has been accepted, after a brilliant competitive examination, for the Rhodes scholarship which will take him to Oxford."

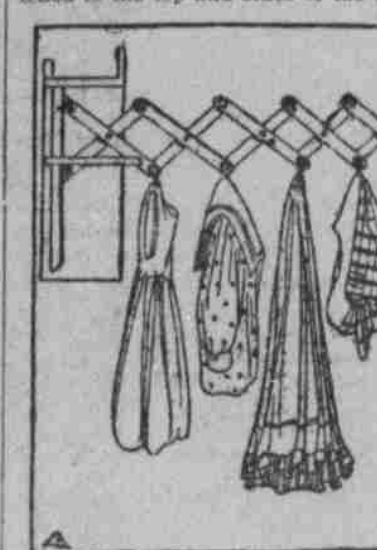
If you find yourself shivering on the street and cannot get in anywhere to warm up, begin at once taking as deep breaths as you can. You will soon be in a glow, and a possible bad cold will be averted.

WOMAN'S WORLD

CLOTHES SUPPORTER.

Adapted to Support a Large Number of Garments.

When selecting a house the most important requisite in the eyes of the housewife is the number of closets. In her estimation there must be plenty of them, and she prefers those of large capacity. In the majority of cases she must be satisfied with very small closets, which afford but little space for the reception of clothes. By discarding the hooks usually fastened to the top and sides of the closet



NEW CLOTHES HANGER.

and employing the clothes supporters shown in the illustration all the available space in the closet could be utilized. It is especially adapted to receive a large number of garments or other articles when in extended position and to fold them into a compact form without creasing or soiling them when contracted. In addition every garment is immediately accessible, thus eliminating the nuisance of removing the garments on the forward hooks in order to reach those on the hooks farther back. It will be obvious that when the tongs are drawn into an extended position a large number of garments can be easily hung upon the lower crossbar and can afterward be folded into compact condition by pushing the supporter to the folded position.—Washington Star.

In the Sickroom.

Good cheer is better than medicine. The jest has an important part to play as a remedy for irritability.

Don't tell long stories.

Don't rebash other people's traits.

Don't think up miserable possibilities.

Order, observation and obedience are three cardinal virtues in a nurse.

Add to these facts the want of which is the base of nearly every sin a nurse may commit.

For Wet Rubbers.

Get an empty candy bucket with a lid. Cut a little off the lid so it will slip part way into the bucket. Bore a few holes in the lid. You can do this with a red-hot poker. When you take your rubbers off all full of snow or water, put them on the lid of the bucket, and all the water will run through the holes into the bucket instead of on the porch or floor.

If the rims of the finger nails refuse to look clear and well kept despite all one's care, try dipping the ends of the fingers in a half lemon every day or two. Let them stay in the acid for five minutes, then rinse thoroughly in water as hot as can be endured, wipe carefully and polish with a good nail powder.

Mrs. Richmond—Is your daughter going back to the cooking school this year?

Mrs. Bronxborough—No, I'm going to keep her home until she learns to cook some dishes that we can afford to eat.—Sunshine Bulletin.

CHelsea.—Wentland Moving Picture company will show in the town hall Friday and Saturday evening, February 14 and 15. Mr. Plagg was here a few weeks ago, and has the best show that can be produced.

BRAVE RESCUE OF WOMAN

In a Boston Tenement Fire Yesterday

MAX RUBIN WAS THE HERO

Seized Mrs. Rebecca Goldstein and Dragged Her to Safety and Assisted Her Two Children Out of the Building.

Boston, Feb. 14.—Asleep in bed on the fourth floor of a burning building, with her two children, Philip, four years, and Isabella, one year old, Mrs. Rebecca Goldstein was rescued with difficulty yesterday in a fire that did \$1,500 damage to the store of Bernard Gordon, corner of Coting and Wall streets.

The bravery of Max Rubin, who half carried and half dragged the fainting woman down three flights of stairs, and who also aided her two children, undoubtedly saved the three from death. When Rubin burst into the room where the woman was asleep, it was filled with smoke.

The fire broke out in the basement from an overloaded stove, and spread with great rapidity. It was first discovered from the street, and a boy rushed into the building, crying "Fire!"

On the second floor were Miss Bessie Scammel, Miss Fannie Yanovski and Miss Becky Goldstein. They were frightened, but made their way to the hall, which was filled with smoke, and thence out of the building in safety.

Later a cry was raised in the crowd that a woman was asleep on the fourth floor. Rubin rushed into the building and made his way to the room, which he knew to be occupied. He found Mrs. Goldstein asleep with the children.

Mrs. Goldstein was terrified by the sight of the dense smoke, and it was with difficulty that Rubin got her to take her year-old baby. Then, with the four-year-old boy in his arms, he aided them down the smoke-filled hallways to the street. Several times the woman fell, half fainting, and Rubin had to half carry her. Neighbors gave her and the children kindly care.

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THE STRONGEST GUARANTEE of quality is in the association of names. The name Leach Chemical Co. is inseparable from that of

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LEACH CHEMICAL CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

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THE SCRAP BOOK

The Bachelor.

Poor old bachelor, little he knows
What harvest of sadness his selfishness sows!

Hard is his task to accomplish his ease.
Hardest of all himself to please.
Poor old bachelor, pity him all,
Bitter the honey he mixes with gall!

Sleeping and eating and drinking, forsooth,
All that he thinks of, and that is the truth.
These take the place of the child he has missed;
These compensation for being unloved;
Sighing and gloom and lack of a wife,
Wrapt in himself the whole of his life.

"Glad I'm not in it," he says, with a smirk.
Life's solemn duties he's willing to shirk.
While nature exacts the penalty sure
At best makes the bachelor nothing but poor.

The slave of himself, hard tyrant to please,
He works like a Turk to accomplish his ease.

—Frank Fair.

The Penalty of Prominence.

Dorothy's father is a militia colonel, and on a recent occasion she saw him, in brave array, at the head of his regiment.

"How do you like your father in his uniform?" the colonel asked his small daughter that night.

"You looked handsomer than anybody else," said Dorothy loyally, "and you held your head up so high! But I think they were mean not to let you have a drum to play on!"—Youth's Companion.

Witty and Caustic.

A woman suffrage lecturer, according to the Boston Globe, recently brought down the house with the following argument: "I have no vote, but my groom has. I have a great respect for that man in the stables, but I am sure if I were to go to him and say, 'John, will you exercise the franchise?' he would reply, 'Please, mum, which horse be that?'"

A Variation on a Sport.

"What happened when you passed a law against gambling in your state?"

"The bookmakers got right to work making bets on whether it would be enforced or not."—Washington Star.

Sarcastic.

Art Master (speaking to a lean horse)—What do you call that? Cabbie—An 'orse, sir. Art Master—A horse! Rub it out, and do it again.—London Answers.

If a man would learn to pray, let him go to bed.—French Proverb.

ST. VITUS' DANCE

Proof of the Remarkable Power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in This Severe Nervous Disorder.